

... walking, but his brain was not.

walking; but his brain was crazed and his single flash of young blood. How he loved his young head. How he loved a raving mania.

Captain Butler loved his brother Charles dearly, and it will weigh but little with him to see him die. He called to any of his crew, he had no friends in the cabin, and he called him, nursed him, watched him, and he would have died with him. At night, if it was really true, after that there could be no cure for the fever, he would have died with him.

When he entered the cabin on the night in question, Captain Butler found his brother in a state of fevered excitement.

"Devils! devils!" he cried. "Devils! devils! devils!"

"What back! The ship is doomed. For am on it! The avenger has been to the bottom of the well, and he will take his revenge on the will of the sea. For as the sea, for is the sea makes you live! To-morrow you will take your last look at the moonlight night—she will not move for you. The stars, too—she will bid them fly. Well, for in the end they shall be all the more ready to swallow up—the starving sharks will feast upon the stars."

"Then suddenly his tone changed. He tears rushed from his eyes and he poured down his cheeks. He crooned and he begged to be saved from the stars that he saw attacking him on every side.

"My brother—don't let them take me away! I feel the dark waters close over me, for we shall all per-

together? I am serious, old man, I mean it. I want you to warn you. I am serious for you all, but I am serious for me, I must do as well as I can, and I want one of you shall ever see your head again. No, no, but do not let me put you in the hands of the Little Bel with you! Let this old toe sink, she's doomed, for the avenger is in her! Do you know the avenger brother? He's a little fellow, but he's a little fellow to scuttle your ship, will you promise me to secure him? Promise me to kill him, and I will tell you his name. But then, the avenger is myself! He's a little fellow, but he's a little fellow in brother's arms. After that he remained quiet; and the captain left him, to repair on deck, and give the necessary orders to the crew. The captain, again that night, but paced the deck in a state of mental agony, easier assigned than described.

when there resounded a cry, both loud and shrill, sounding throughout the ship, heard alike by passengers and crew, and striking fear to the bravest hearts.

"A leak!"

"Three feet of water in the hold," cried the carpenter.

"That," the captain resolute answered, "is no reason for alarm. Now is the time for you to show your true pluck. Three feet of water is nothing; we have a fair wind, smooth sea, good pumps, willing hands. The pumps are going, and the pumps will save us."

"The pumps were soon rigged, and for two hours worked unceasingly."

"Four feet of water in the hold," cried the carpenter.

"The pumps were again rigged, and worked, but with no better success."

The passengers, some twenty number, appeared on deck, situated in the fore part of the vessel, alarmed at the peril of the situation. "The ship is doomed," murmured the energetic conduct of the captain, who set the example by seizing the pump handle.

himself and working with the men, 'We are in the hold!' cried the carpenter.

Then the men began to show signs of discouragement, and Captain Benford exerted himself in vain to rouse the men to action.

'We can but leave the vessel,' said, 'Let us lower the boats when there is time to do so, and wait.' But the men were launched, and the passengers were lowered and placed in a place in safety.

'Six feet in the hold!'

The crew began to descend in the boats.

'Stop!' thundered the captain. 'Every man here has a heart, I know. My cabin is a poor young man, his brother. He is crazy. Shall he perish?'

'No—save him!' replied the sailors.

'Let three men come with me to rescue him.'

'Eight feet of water in the hold!' roared the carpenter,

[illegible]

up the shrouds of the mainmast.
Help, William! he cried. I
(God's sake don't let me die like this
men, take me off, before I
mad again!

An attempt was made to return
the boat, but the boards were ob-
stinate to keep out of the vortex of the sin-
gling vessel, and the madman was
only victim to the whirl, he had set
others. The "Vols," with their
Benedictine monks had had for de-
life to the top of the mainmast, in
middle of the calm Atlantic, sank to
der the deep, dark blue water.

Wilmington Journal.

With its issue of the first inst
has taken, unswerving and reliab
its publication. We have know
long; *yes longer* than we might w
to say; for when its present edit
was first published, in the first
days we were of the Whig "perso-

sion"—rather so!—and it was *slight* different. But then as now, and, as we have seen, it was *slight* outspoken and honest. We loved and love it; and if we cherish a religious, hearty and cheerful faith in the future of this country, and in the days through which we are passing, that which we feel for the last time, and for the first, in this country, principles it so ably advocates, is, as strong as our nature is capable of feeling, and as our country is capable of accepting, by its political opponents, block a *white-skinned*, only goes to demonstrate, most forcibly and unmistakably, that the future of this country is State and section to sustain and encourage it.—*Wadesboro Herald.*

DEMOCRATIC STATE.—Bully for Kentucky! Her total bonded debt only \$154,334, and against it only \$1,000,000 of bonds. The State has, therefore, money on hand enough to pay every dollar it owes and leave a surplus on hand of \$1,000,000.

of Elmore, Harpeth, etc. and to the
Department of the Interior

[illegible]

